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The Example of Sir Thomas More.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

There probably is no character in history more honored and admired by men of all shades of political and religious faith than Sir Thomas More. Sir James Mackintosh compared him to Socrates. But the great lawyer's comparison was hardly just, even setting aside the immense superiority which the true religion gave to the Christian philosophers. Socrates, in spite of his noble sentiments and character, wanted that pith of manhood which we admire in More. The pagan sacrificed his principles at the moment of death. The Christian died for them. The pagan was sustained by the presence of sympathizing friends who enabled him to bear with equanimity the dread ordeal to which injustices had subjected him. The Christian was calm and unconcerned even though the faces of enemies surrounded the scaffold, and friendship was discreetly absent. The pagan died as an enlightened heathen. The Christian, as a champion of Jesus Christ. The pagan suffered for his own ideas. The Christian, for the revelations of God. The pagan died with the stoicism of the Indian. The Christian, with the unbending firmness of the martyr. The courage of Socrates was a victory of nature over pain. That of More was the triumph of grace over nature. Socrates was a proof of the divine origin of man and a natural answer to our modern philosophers who affect theories of progressive development. More was an example of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and that supernatural process, by which we are made partakers, by similarity, not essence, of the divine nature. Socrates was the highest expression of reason, unilluminated by positive revelation. More, was the result of of reason elevated, enlightened and warmed by revelation. In the one we see what nature can effect. In the other, the noble results of grace. Socrates was a good man of the natural order. More, of the supernatural order. Considered, therefore, by Christian canons, More, as a man, was superior to Socrates, whatever he may have been as a thinker and philosopher.

In these times, when great trials are pending over the Church of God, it is well to cast a glance at those fearless men, who during similar troubles, overcame the world and gained the crown. Their example is salutary. Their heroism inspires greater generosity and renders us less liable to fear. The religion which enabled More to bear testimony unto the bitter end, is ours. Though the occasion may never arrive in which our principles will be put to so severe a test, nevertheless, our weakness, will be strengthened, our pusillanimity rebuked and our indifference ended, by seeing how much others, like ourselves have endured for the self-same cause which is dear to us.

And, perhaps, it is well to refer here to that weak spirit of compromise which has exercised at times a baneful influence over some Catholics and led them to make shipwreck of the faith. The only safe course for the Catholic is—no compromise. We want no cowardly whispering of "expediency,"

—no weak deference to the prejudices of this worst of all ages. It was inexpedient for Our Redeemer to chase the buyers and sellers from the temple. It was inexpedient for Him to rebuke the Pharisees and the teachers and rulers of Judea for their hypocrisy and crimes. It was inexpedient for St. John the Baptist to reproach Herod with his scandalous life. It was inexpedient for St. Peter to rise up and preach Jesus Christ whom his hearers had put to death as an imposter. It was inexpedient for St. Paul to face the refined corruption of Athens with the rude asceticism of the religion of Jesus. It was inexpedient for the confessors and martyrs to act with the liberty of the children of God in the presence of pagan despotism and cruelty. It was inexpedient for Hildebrand to withstand the furious Henry IV of Germany, or for Pius VI and Pius VII to refuse compliance with the tyrannical exactions of the great Napoleon. It was inexpedient for Langton to brave the displeasure of the English king John, or for Fisher and More to refuse obedience to Henry VIII, when such obedience would have been a mere rendering of the things of God to Caesar.

The fact is, wherever this question of expediency is introduced, there we may look not for the champions of a good cause—not for the heroes in the hour of strife—not for the granite foundations upon which Truth is carried from century to century—but rather for those men of half convictions, who follow the fearful disciple, not the brave Peter who stood up and told mighty Rome the utter degradation of the false ideas upon which the empire's power was built. Those sticklers for expediency never accomplished anything in any age. They can never take a step without fear of a pit-fall. They are disposed to exaggerate difficulties, even in the presence of Providence. They are like the Israelites whose unworthy fears filled even the Promised Land with "monsters, gorgons and chimeras dire." They are a clog on the wheel of true progress, and spend their lives in an absurd effort to reconcile God and the world,—Truth and Error,—Light and Darkness.

Of course there are times when expediency is necessary, but the trouble is, some men confound the natural with the supernatural in this respect. There can be no question of expediency or inexpediency when God speaks. In human matters, we may exercise our opinion as to such or such a determination, and advocate or reject its expediency.

The narration of Sir Thomas More's life in as far as it relates to the questions of Henry's divorce and his pretended supremacy over the English Church, affords us a striking example of that glorious Christian manhood which never stoops to the "expedient" in order to escape the consequences of a bold enunciation of the truth. Though his admirable conduct in this respect is well known, there is something so captivating in it that the picture is ever fresh and attractive.

The relations of More with Henry VIII had been as close and affectionate as is possible between ruler and subject. Before passion brutalized him, the King was wont to treat Sir Thomas as a

familiar friend. He would unexpectedly visit the Knight at his house, partake of his frugal table, and amuse himself with the children of his host. He would promenade in the garden with his arm thrown over the shoulder of More, and in a thousand ways loved to testify his esteem for a man who was at once an honor to religion, the boast of science, and the most high-minded statesman of Europe. Nor was this consideration confined to the King. The English people loved More, while the ablest men of other nations considered themselves honored in his friendship. The great scholar, Erasmus, whose vanity, alas! caused such irreparable damage to religion, was most intimate with him, and never failed to boast of the relationship between them.

When Henry resolved to write his Defence of the Seven Sacraments against the innovations of Luther, it was Sir Thomas More who revised it, and, as many hold, added all that made the work so famous in the controversial annals of that age of polemics. For this service, Henry was styled Defender of the Faith by the Pope, a title which her Majesty, Queen Victoria, very appropriately assumes in our own times—we suppose on the plan of *quasi lucus a non lucendo*.

After the fall of Wolsey, the King appointed More to succeed him in the office of Chancellor of England. Probably there was never a man more fitted for the charge. His naturally clear judgment, joined to a long and profound study of law, enabled him to satisfy the requirements of justice in every particular. Being thoroughly conscientious, his decisions were governed more by the light of the sanctuary than by that of his own intelligence. No threats could intimidate him,—no flattery affect him,—no earthly considerations move him. The beggar and the noble were ignored by him,—he only considered the law and equity of the case. Unlike Wolsey, his motives were never questioned. Unlike Bacon, his ermine was never sullied by the faintest suspicion of bribery. Having formed a high and holy idea of a judge's office, he reduced to practice the noble principles that governed him. Compared with any of England's Chancellors, he shines in the solitary splendor of a character which the most tempting allurements of a court could never seduce. His enemies, in their venal attempt to justify Henry in the eyes of posterity, strove to blacken him in every way but one. They dared not insinuate aught against his administration of his high trust. Calumny itself stood abashed before the incorruptible integrity of More. When he was going to his execution a hard-hearted wretch—a woman—upbraided him for a decision which he had given against her. He calmly replied that were the the case submitted to him at that solemn moment, he would pronounce a similar judgment. What he said of one case he might have said of all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is a mistake to suppose that vaccination is a modern invention. It was practised on Negroes in the Augustan Age, as is evidenced by a line in the Second Eclogue:

Alba ligustra cadunt; vaccinia nigra leguntur.

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.**A Tale of Roslyn School.**

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.**CHAPTER XIII.****THE ADVENTURE AT THE STACK.**

Ten cables from where green meadows
And quiet homes could be seen,
No greater space
From peril to peace;—
But the savage sea between!—*Edwin Arnold.*

The Easter holidays at Roslyn lasted about ten days, and as most of the boys came from a distance, they usually spent them at school. Many of the ordinary rules were suspended during this time, and the boys were supplied every day with pocket money; consequently the Easter holidays passed very pleasantly, and there was plenty of fun.

It was the great time for excursions all over the island, and the boys would often be out the whole day long among the hills, or about the coast. Eric enjoyed the time particularly, and was in great request among all the boys. He was now more gay and popular than ever, and felt as if nothing were wanting to his happiness. But this brilliant prosperity was not good for him, and he felt continually that he cared far less for the reproaches of conscience than he had done in the hours of his trial; sought far less for help from God than he had done when he was lonely and neglected.

He always knew that his great safeguard was the affection of Russell. For Edwin's sake, and for shame at the thought of Edwin's disapproval, he abstained from many things into which he would otherwise have insensibly glided in confirmation of the general looseness of the school morality. But Russell's influence worked on him powerfully, and tended to counteract a multitude of temptations.

Among other dangerous lessons Upton had taught Eric to smoke; and he was now one of those who often spent a part of their holidays in lurking about with pipes in their mouths at places where they were unlikely to be disturbed, instead of joining in some hearty and healthy game. When he began to "learn" smoking, he found it anything but pleasant; but a little practice had made him an adept, and he found a certain amount of enjoyable excitement in finding out cozy places by the river, where he and Upton might go and lounge for an hour to enjoy the forbidden luxury.

In reality, he, like most boys, detested the habit; but it seemed a fine thing to do, and to some, at any rate, it was a refuge from vacuity. Besides, he had a confused notion that there was something "manly" in it, and it derived an additional zest from the stringency of the rules adopted to put it down. So a number of the boys smoked, and some few of them to such excess as to get them into great mischief, and form a habit which they could never afterwards abandon.

One morning of the Easter holidays, Eric, Montagu, and Russell started for an excursion down the coast to Rilby Head. As they passed through Ellan, Eric was deputed to go and buy Eastereggs and other provisions, as they did not mean to be back for dinner. In about ten minutes he overtook the other two, just as they were getting out of the town.

"What an age you've been buying a few Easter eggs," said Russell, laughing; "have you been waiting till the hens laid?"

"No; they're not the *only* things I've got."

"Well, but you might have got all the grub at the same shop."

"Aye; but I've procured a more refined article. Guess what it is."

The two boys didn't guess, and Eric said, to enlighten them, "Will you have a whiff, Monty?"

"A whiff! Oh! I see you've been wasting your tin on cigars—*alias*, rolled cabbage-leaves, Oh *fumose puer!*"

"Well, will you have one?"

"If you like," said Montagu, wavering; "but I don't much care to smoke."

"Well I shall, at any rate," said Eric, keeping off the wind with his cap, as he lighted a cigar, and began to puff.

They strolled on in silence; the smoking didn't promote conversation, and Russell thought that he had never seen his friend look so ridiculous, and entirely unlike himself, as he did while strutting along with the weed in his mouth. The fact was, Eric didn't guess how much he was hurting Edwin's feelings, and he was smoking more to "make things look like the holidays," by a little bravado, than anything else. But suddenly he caught the expression of Russell's face, and instantly said:

"Oh, I forgot, Edwin; I know you don't like smoking;" and he instantly flung the cigar over the hedge, being really rather glad to get rid of it. With the cigar, he seemed to have flung away the affected manner he displayed just before, and the spirits of all three rose at once.

"It isn't that I don't *like* smoking only, Eric, but I think it wrong—for *us* I mean."

"Oh, my dear fellow! surely there can't be any harm in it. Why, everybody smokes."

"It may be all very well for men, although I'm not so sure of that. But, at any rate, it's wrong and ridiculous in boys. You know yourself what harm it does in every way."

"Oh, it's a mere school rule against it. How can it be wrong? Why, I even know clergymen who smoke."

Montagu laughed. "Well, clergymen ain't immaculate," said he; "but I never met a man yet who didn't tell you that he was *sorry* he'd acquired the habit."

"I'm sure you won't thank that rascally cousin of mine for having taught you," said Russell; "but seriously, isn't it a very moping way of spending the afternoon, to go and lie down behind some haystack, or in some frowsy tumble-down barn, as you smokers do, instead of playing racquets or football?"

"Oh, it's pleasant enough sometimes," said Eric, speaking rather against his own convictions.

"As for me, I've pretty nearly left it off," said Montagu, "and I think Rose convinced me that it was a mistake. Not that he knows that I ever did smoke; I should be precious sorry if he did, for I know how he despises it in boys. Were you in school the other day when he caught Pietrie and Booking?"

"No."

"Well, when Booking went up to have his exercise corrected, Rose smelt that he had been smoking, and charged him with it. Booking stoutly denied it, but after he had told the most robust lies, Rose made him empty his pockets, and there, sure enough, were a pipe and a cigar-case half-full! You *should* have heard how Rose thundered and lightened at him for his lying, and then sent him to the Doctor. I never saw him so terrific before."

"You don't mean to say you were convinced it was wrong because Booking was caught, and told lies—do you? *Non sequitur.*"

"Stop—not so fast. Very soon after Rose twigged Pietrie, who at once confessed, and was caned. I happened to be in the library when Rose sent for him, and Pietrie said mildly that 'he didn't see the harm of it.' Rose smiled in his kind way, and

said, 'Don't see the *harm* of it! Do you see any good in it?'"

"No, sir."

"Well, isn't it forbidden?"

"Yes, sir."

"And doesn't it waste your money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And tempt you to break rules, and tell lies to screen yourself?"

"Yes, sir," said Pietrie, putting his tail between his legs.

"And don't your parents disapprove it? And doesn't it throw you among some of the worst boys, and get you into great troubles? Silly child," he said, pulling Pietrie's ear (as he sometimes does, you know), "don't talk nonsense; and remember next time you're caught, I shall have you punished." So off went Pietrie, looking foolish, as our friend Homer says. And your humble servant was convinced."

"Well, well!" said Eric laughing, "I suppose you're right. At any rate, I give in. Two to one ain't fair:—Not even Hercules to two, since you're in a quoting humour."

Talking in this way they got to Rilby Head, where they found plenty to amuse them. It was a splendid headland, rising bluff four hundred feet out of the sea, and presenting magnificent reaches of rock scenery on all sides. The boys lay on the turf at the summit, and flung innocuous stones at the sea-gulls as they sailed far below them over the water and every now and then pounced at some stray fish that came to the surface; or they watched the stately barques as they sailed by on the horizon, wondering at their cargo and destination; or chafed the fisherman, whose boats heaved on the waves at the foot of the promontory. When they were rested, they visited a copper-mine by the side of the Head, and filled their pockets with bits of bright quartz or red shining spar, which they found in plenty among the rocks.

In the afternoon they strolled towards home, determining to stop a little at the Stack on their way. The Stack formed one of the extremities of Ellan Bay, and was a huge mass of isolated schist, accessible at low water, but entirely surrounded at high tide. It was a very favorite resort of Eric's as the coast all about it was bold and romantic; and he often went there with Russell on a Sunday evening to watch the long line of golden radiance slanting to them over the water from the setting sun—a sight which they agreed to consider one of the most peaceful and mysteriously beautiful in nature.

They reached the Stack, and began to climb to its summit. The sun was just preparing to set, and the west was gorgeous with red and gold.

"We shan't see the line on the waters this evening," said Eric; "there's too much of a breeze. But look, what a glorious sunset!"

"It is, indeed," said Russell; "it reminds me of what Rose said the other day; we were standing on the top of Brada, leaning against a heap of stones to keep off the north-easter, and Rose suddenly exclaimed, 'Look, Edwin, how that crimson sunset burns itself away like a thought of death, judgment, and eternity, all in one!' I wonder what he meant?"

"It'll be stormy to-morrow," said Montagu; "but come along, let's get to the top; the wind's rising, and the waves will be rather grand."

"Aye, we'll sit and watch them; and let's finish our grub; I've got several eggs left, and I want to get them out of my pocket."

They devoured the eggs, and then stood enjoying the sight of the waves, which sometimes climbed up the rock almost to their feet, and then fell back, hissing and discomfited. Suddenly they remembered that it was getting late, and that they ought to get home for tea at seven.

"Hallo!" said Russell, looking at his watch, "it's half-past six. We must cut back as hard as we

can. By the by, I hope the tide hasn't been coming in all this time."

"My goodness!" said Montagu, with a violent start, "I'm afraid it has, though! What asses we have been, with our waves and sunsets. Let's set off as hard as we can pelt."

Immediately they scrambled, by the aid of hands and knees, down the Stack, and made their way for the belt of rock which joined it to the mainland; but to their horror, they at once saw that the tide had come in, and that a narrow gulf of sea already divided them from the shore.

"There's only one way for it," said Eric; "if we are plucky, we can jump that; but we mustn't wait till it gets worse. A good jump will take us nearly to the other side—far enough, at any rate, to let us flounder across somehow."

As fast as they could they hurried along down to the place where the momentarily increasing zone of water seemed as yet to be narrowest; and where the rocks on the other side lower than those on which they stood. Their situation was by no means pleasant. The wind had been rising more and more, and the waves dashed into this little channel with such violence, that to swim it would have been a most hazardous experiment, particularly as they could not dive in from the ledge on which they stood, from their ignorance of the depth of water.

Eric's courage supported the other two. "There's no good *thinking* about it," said he, "jump we *must*; the sooner the better. We can but be a little hurt at the worst. Here, I'll set the example."

He drew back a step or two, and sprang out with all his force. He was a practised and agile jumper, and to their great relief, he alighted near the water's edge, on the other side, where, after slipping once or twice on the wet and sea-weed covered rocks, he effected a safe landing, with no worse harm than a wetting up to the knees.

"Now then, you two," he shouted; "no time to lose."

"Will you jump first, Monty?" said Russell; "both of you are better jumpers than I, and to tell the truth, I'm rather afraid."

"Then I won't leave you," said Montagu; "we'll both stay here."

"And perhaps he drowned or starved for our pains. No, Monty, *you* can clear it, I've no doubt."

"Couldn't we try to swim it together, Edwin?"

"Madness! look there." And as he spoke, a huge furious wave swept down the entire length of the gulf by which he stood, roaring and surging along till the whole water seethed, and tearing the sea-weeds from their roots in the rock.

"Now's your time," shouted Eric again. "What are you waiting for? For God's sake, jump before another wave comes."

"Monty, you *must* jump now," said Russell, "if only to help me when I try."

Montagu went back as far as he could, which was only a few steps, and leapt wildly forward. He lighted into deep water, nearly up to his neck, and at first tried in vain to secure a footing on the sharp slippery schist; but, after a complete ducking, he stumbled forwards vigorously, and in half a minute, Eric leaning out as far as he could, caught his hand, and just pulled him to the other side in time to escape another rush of tumultuous and angry foam.

"Now, Edwin," they both shouted, "it'll be too late in another minute. Jump for your life."

Russell stood on the rock pale and irresolute. Once or twice he prepared to spring, and stopped from fear at the critical instant. In truth, the leap was now most formidable; to clear it was hopeless; and the fury of the rock-tormented waves rendered the prospect of a swim on the other side terrible to contemplate. Once in the grasp of one of those billows, even a strong man must have been carried

out of the narrow channel, and hurled against the towering sweep of rocks which lay beyond it.

"Oh Edwin, Edwin—dear Edwin—*do* jump!" cried Eric with passionate excitement. "We will rush in for you."

Russell now seemed to have determined on running the risk; he stepped back, ran to the edge, missed his footing, and, with a sharp cry of pain, fell heavily forward into the water. For an instant Eric and Montagu stood breathless,—but the next instant, they saw Russell's head emerge, and then another wave foaming madly by, made them run backwards for their lives, and hid him from their view. When it had passed, they saw him clinging with both hands, in the desperate instinct of self-preservation, to a projecting bit of rock, by the aid of which he gradually dragged himself out of the water, and grasping at crevices or bits of sea-weed, slowly and painfully reached the ledge on which they had stood before they took the leap. He presented a pitiable spectacle; his face, pale as death, was dabbled with blood; his head drooped on his breast; his clothes were torn, and streamed with the salt water; his cap was gone, and the wet hair, which he seemed too exhausted to push aside, hung in heavy masses over his forehead and eyes. He was evidently dizzy, and in pain; and they noticed that he only seemed to use one foot.

While he was regaining the ledge, neither of the boys spoke, lest their voices should startle him, and make him fall; but now, they both cried out, "Are you hurt, Edwin?"

He did not answer, but supported his pale face on one hand, while he put the other to his head, from which the blood was flowing fast.

"O Edwin, for the love of God, try once more!" said Montagu; "you will die if you spend the night on that rock."

They could not catch the reply, and called again. The wind and waves were both rising fast, and it was only by listening intently, that they caught the faint words, "I can't, my leg is hurt." Besides, they both saw that a jump was no longer possible; the channel was more than double the width which it had been when Eric leaped, and from the rapid ascent of the rocks on both sides, it was now far out of depth.

"Oh God, what can we do?" said Montagu, bursting into tears. "We can never save him, and all but the very top of the Stack is covered at high tide."

Eric had not lost his presence of mind, "Cheer up, Edwin," he shouted; "I *will* get back to you somehow. If I fail, crawl up to the top again."

Again the wind carried away the reply, and Russell had sunk back on the rock.

"Monty," said Eric, "just watch for a minute or two. When I have got across, run to Ellan as hard as you can tear, and tell them that we are cut off by the tide on the Stack. They'll bring round the life-boat. It's our only chance."

"What are you going to do?" asked Montagu, terrified. "Why, Eric, it's death to attempt swimming that. Good heavens!" And he drew Eric back hastily, as another vast swell of water came rolling along, shaking its white curled mane, like a sea-monster bent on destruction.

"Monty, it's no use," said Eric, hastily tearing off his jacket and waistcoat; "I'm not going to let Russell die on that ledge of rock. I shall try to reach him, whatever happens to me. Here; I want to keep these things dry. Be on the look-out; if I get across, fling them over to me if you can, and then do as I told you."

He turned round; the wave had just spent its fury, and knowing that his only chance was to swim over before another came, he plunged in, and struck out like a man. He was a strong and expert swimmer, and as yet the channel was not more than a dozen yards across. He dashed over with the speed and strength of despair, and had just

time to clutch the rocks on the other side before the next mighty swirl of the tide swept up in its white and tormented course. In another minute he was on the ledge by Russell's side.

He lifted him tenderly, and called to Montagu, for the dry clothes. Montagu tied them skillfully with his neck-handkerchief round a fragment of rock, adding his own wet jacket to the bundle, and then flung it over. Eric wrapped up his friend in the clothes, and once more shouted to Montagu to go on his errand. For a short time the boy lingered, reluctant to leave them, and then started off at a run. Looking back after a few minutes, he caught, through the gathering dusk, his last glimpse of the friends in their perilous situation. Eric was seated supporting Russell across his knees; when he saw Montagu turn, he waved his cap over his head as a signal of encouragement, and then began to carry Edwin higher up the rock for safety. It soon grew too dark to distinguish them, and Montagu at full speed flew to Ellan, which was a mile off. When he got to the harbor he told some sailors of the danger in which his friends were, and then ran on to the school. It was now eight o'clock, and quite dark. Tea was over, and lock-up time long past, when he stood excited, breathless, and without cap or jacket, at Dr. Rowlands' door.

"Good gracious! Master Montagu," said the servant; "what's the matter; have you been robbed?"

He pushed the girl aside, and ran straight to Dr. Rowlands' study. "Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, bursting in, "Eric and Russell are on the Stack, cut off by the tide."

Dr. Rowlands started up hastily. "What! on this stormy night? Have you raised the alarm?"

"I told the life-boat people, sir, and then ran on."

"I will set off myself at once," said the Doctor, seizing his hat. "But, my poor boy, how pale and ill you look, and you are wet through too. You had better change your clothes at once, or go to bed."

"Oh no, sir," said Montagu, pleadingly; "do take me with you."

"Very well; but you must change first, or you may suffer in consequence. Make all haste, and directly you are dressed, a cup of tea shall be ready for you down here, and we will start."

Montagu was off in an instant, and only stopped on his way to tell Duncan and the others of the danger which threatened their companions. The absence of the three boys from tea and lock-up had already excited general surmise, and Montagu's appearance, jacketless and wet, at the door of the boarders' room, at once attracted a group round him. He rapidly told them how things stood, and, hastening off, left them nearly as much agitated as himself. In a very short time he presented himself again before Dr. Rowlands, and when he had swallowed with difficulty the cup of tea, they sallied out.

It was pitch dark, and only one or two stars were seen at intervals struggling through the ragged masses of cloud. The wind howled in fitful gusts, and as their road led by the sea-side, Montagu shuddered to hear how rough and turbulent the sea was, even on the sands. He stumbled once or twice, and then the Doctor kindly drew his trembling arm through his own, and made him describe the whole occurrence, while the servant went on in front with the lantern. When Montagu told how Eric had braved the danger of reaching his friend at the risk of his life, Dr. Rowlands' admiration was unbounded. "Noble boy," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "I shall find it hard to believe any evil of him after this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SATIRE is as sharp as a needle only when there is some point to it.

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Good Manners.

Good breeding is not to be despised, although it would seem that some are of the opinion that polished manners are assumed only by rogues, confidence men and the like, for the sake of beguiling their neighbors and taking them in; and that rough manners are a sign of honesty and right-heartedness.

We admit that rogues sometimes affect polished manners, and that sometimes excellent hearted persons are rather rough in their ways. But then the rogues are making a bad use of a good thing, and the excellent hearted persons have so many good qualities that the defect of bad manners is overlooked by their friends, and there is no doubt that were good manners added to the other good qualities of these excellent persons, intercourse with them would be more agreeable, their influence would be greater, and they themselves would be improved some fifty per cent.

In all circles of society politeness is indispensable. True politeness is the exterior manifestation of christian charity. There is no doubt a great deal of the article counterfeit,—mere lacquer—that conceals the impulses of hearts moved by vicious instincts; yet this base article is easily discovered, it has not the ring of the true metal; and, moreover, in a very short time this burnish will rub off and the falseness of the heart which is for a time concealed by false politeness will be discovered.

To have true politeness, then, it is necessary to have the heart imbued with Christian charity, it is necessary to have a right idea of the dignity of man, a being created by God, and redeemed by the blood of the God-Man; and to bear in mind that as all are brethren as the descendants of Adam, so we are still more closely united as brethren in the Incarnation where we are all brethren of our elder Brother, the Saviour.

It is evident that any one who has thought seriously on these truths must be a polite man, must have good manners, not that he will be thoroughly posted in the etiquette of a higher social circle than the one in which he moves; nor is it necessary for him to have gone through the hands of the dancing master; but in all his communications with his fellow beings the effect of those great truths in his heart will crop out in his words and actions; he will never wound with his tongue, he will never insult by his actions, he will please all in his speech and will never neglect the observance of those outward marks of politeness and respect that are in common use in the community of which he is member.

If rogues use politeness to deceive, let honest men be polite, at least to render their intercourse more agreeable, if they have no higher motive. If some otherwise good and irreproachable men are boorish in their manners,—bear in mind they are respected *in spite* of their uncouth manners, and would be much more agreeable members of society had they more agreeable ways.

SEVERAL lectures will be delivered during the course of the year by Prof. T. E. Howard—subject "English Literature."

It is with sincere sorrow we hear of the death of one of our students who left some time ago on account of his fast failing health. Robert Finley died in Pana, Illinois, last October, at the residence of his uncle, with whom he was staying. The students of the college will greatly regret their loss by the death of one whose qualities of mind and heart had endeared him to them all. We think he was a member of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The Rev. Vice-President writes us:

"I have received the sad intelligence of the death of a good friend and exemplary student, Mr. R. Finley, of Pana, Illinois, who died on the 17th ult. Mr. Finley had been ailing for some time with diabetes. He sought in vain to regain his strength wasted by this terrible disease, but could not succeed, and his case being aggravated by exposure in rainy weather, he died after a short struggle of a few hours.

"All the numerous friends of Mr. Finley will be grieved by this sad news. They all remember his fine qualities and excellent dispositions toward all. In the class-room, he showed himself a hard working student, and his rapid progress testified an excellent mind. He received his Diploma last June, in the Commercial department and was well fitted for business life. His demeanor as a student was always that of a perfect gentleman, and in his relations with his fellow-students he showed himself a kind and amiable companion. Often as we row on the lake we will think of Mr. Finley, the reliable stroke oar of the "Pinta," the champion of the lake. We will miss him in our societies and clubs. However, we must bow to the hand that struck him, and offer up our heartfelt prayers for the repose of his soul."

WE heard for a second time the silvery tones of the "Trumpet" some days ago. The *tone* was excellent; we would say an improvement on the tone of the first, were not comparisons odious, and if it would not appear that we were finding fault with its predecessor. We are not finding fault with anybody or with anything. Quite the reverse; on the contrary. The tone was excellent, as we have already said, and most charitable; and even though it condescended to blow a sharp note at the SCHOLASTIC for taking the present for the future, the general effect of the whole trumpet was melodious, wholesome and harmonious. We do not wish the graduates to lack grammatical precision, yet we do hope that their present and future may both be so pleasant that they may not be able to prefer one to the other, but, as in the case for which they blame the SCHOLASTIC they may refer to either one or the other with perfect security, and with no fear of being criticized unless by those—whom we sometimes *do* find—who are rather hypercritically disposed.

The description of a First Communion, an editorial article, was well written, and listened to with profound silence. As the lighter articles—the jokes and poetry, the on-dits and little hits—were read, the silence was broken by pleasant laughter and the smiles that lighted up their countenances showed how highly all the young ladies appreciated the efforts of St. Mary's graduates to please them. The "Trumpet" is a decided success.

THE "young man" has taken the hint we gave him two weeks ago. He credits not only the author of a poem which he has put in his paper, but also the paper from which he took it. This is as it should be. But it was a cruel joke on the part of the Editors, whom we hold in high respect, to give the "young man" all the available editorial space of the paper to show irritation at our charitably calling him to a sense of his duty. It had been better for him had he stuck to his scissors and

paste-pot. He put his foot in it, when he left them for the pen.

We cannot take upon ourselves to inform the "young man" every time "he writes or copies anything sensible or commendable," as he kindly requests us to do. But we can say here, once for all, that he will have our standing commendation if he displays as much good will in observing the ordinary rules of "clipping," as the Editors display zeal and talent in writing their excellent editorials. We have taken much pleasure in reading the editorials of the *Vindicator* and the *Star*, even before they formed a conjunction; and we sincerely hope that our little hint will but give zest to our interchange, and that the *Vindicator* and *Star* may soon count its subscribers by the thousand, and maintain, as it ever has done, the true interests of education and religion.

SIGNOR BLITZ came and went without our knowing anything about it. From all we can learn of his other performances this was the most wonderful trick which the illustrious prestidigitator performed while here. A friend who saw him says:

"Blitz, the conjurer, was at the College on last Friday afternoon and gave an exhibition of his skill in Washington Hall. Some say that they could "see through" his tricks, others gave it up; all were pleased with his performance."

THE Bulletins will be sent home next week.

THE "American Elocutionist" is used in the two first reading classes by 60 students. The work is quite popular.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN is about to leave for New Orleans, on a visit to the establishments of the Order in Louisiana and Texas.

THERE are nearly 80 students attending the book-keeping classes of Prof. L. G. Tong. Good progress is reported from that quarter.

A HEAVY fall of snow last week announced the premature arrival of winter. Saturday night brought on a thaw which did away with the snow. Snow again on the 28th.

"ST. CECILIA'S DAY," a very pretty Cantata, published by O. Ditson of Boston, has been received by the Professor of Vocal Music and will be rendered at the May concert.

THE Appy Concert Troupe was expected to give a concert at the College last Tuesday, but arrangements made previously, prevented those excellent artists from appearing in our midst.

THE various College classes, from the reports of the Professors are progressing very favorably. Students are more intent on their studies, and better disposed to earnest work the fourth month of the session than during the first months, and were it not that the Christmas holidays will interfere to same extent with this present state of affairs, the whole session would show a highly gratifying success. We hope, however, that the holidays will not interfere more than necessary with the studies.

MR. PAUL BECKWITH of St. Louis, an ex-pontifical Zouave, was at the College this week. Mr. Beckwith is a fair specimen of the knightly spirit which breathed in the old crusaders—self-sacrificing, and ready to uphold all that is good and righteous. When the villainous thieves who occupy Rome to-day have met their fate, the Zouaves of Charette will once more, flock to the standard of the Holy See. It is Mr. Beckwith's intention to rejoin his regiment as soon as the order is issued.

THE Dancing classes is attended by some 70 students. Although this is a very fair number of terpsichoreans, still, many more students ought to

join these classes. Dancing considered from a sal-
tatorial point of view, may have its use, but as a
polite and refined accomplishment it is the very
thing for students. It is never too late to acquire
good manners or to improve those we have already,
and the lessons in dancing given by the teacher here
have a wider scope than the meaning of the word
dancing would import. They cannot fail to im-
prove those who attend them.

Notices of Publications.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR, published monthly.
Madras.

Among the many exchanges we welcome to our
sanctum is the *Catholic Expositor*, a monthly pub-
lished in the East Indies and kindly sent to us by
the Editor, Mr. G. P. Savundranayagam Pillai,
B.A., B.L., of the Madras High Court Bar.

It is in pamphlet form, and contains twenty
pages, ten or twelve of which are printed in En-
glish, and the remaining pages in the Tamil lan-
guage.

The *Expositor* is devoted to the vindication of
the Catholic doctrine, for in India as in the United
States there are papers that systematically misrep-
resent the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and attri-
bute to Catholics doctrines and practices which Cath-
olics abhor much more than do the calumniators of
their religion. The *Expositor* sets forth the true doc-
trine of the Church, and takes up one by one the
tracts and newspaper articles in which misrepresen-
tations and false statements are found, and calmly but
forcibly shows wherein they misrepresent and bear
false testimony against the Church of Christ. The
Editor's legal training contributes not a little to
the cool and irresistible logic of his pen, as he
takes up, examines, cross examines and refutes the
falseness of the anti-Catholic missionaries, and
withal in the most perfect good humor. We have
no doubt of his succeeding in his laudable under-
taking.

THE AMERICAN ELOCUTIONIST.

Messrs. Butler & Co., the well known publishers
who have issued many excellent school books,—
among others Mitchell's series of Geographies,—
have done full justice to Professor Lyons' book
in the manner they have prepared it for the
public. Many good judges have already expressed
a favorable opinion of the book, and from the let-
ters containing their favorable opinions we select
the following from Professor Howard:

PROFESSOR LYONS.—*Dear Sir:* I have taken partic-
ular pleasure in examining your new book, "The Amer-
ican Elocutionist," from which we were led to hope for
so much, and in which we are not disappointed—ex-
cept, indeed, in finding it better than we could have
anticipated. It is, certainly, in matter, type, paper and
binding, the most excellent and elegant of "speakers"
and "readers," and I congratulate you on the produc-
tion of a book which deserves the very first success.

The splendid introduction is what we might have ex-
pected from the combined literary tact and musical
and elocutionary powers of its eloquent author, Rev.
M. B. Brown. It is questionable whether, in the same
compass, there is elsewhere a more complete treatise on
the subject of elocution and voice culture.

In the selection of pieces for rhetorical reading and
declamation, it seems to me that you have been most
judicious,—eloquence and truth, humor and wisdom
being admirably exemplified on every page.

But the drama of The Recognition should alone win
popularity for your book. Excellent in itself as a work
of art, it is especially adapted for exhibitions where
male characters only are represented. Even in reading
classes this play must prove an admirable means of ex-
ercising a large class in personation, for the characters
are sufficiently numerous to give one to each member
of a very large class. Your scenes from Shakespeare and
the numerous dialogues are also well suited for this ex-
ercise.

But I must say that one of the finest things in the

book is the debate, by the lamented Gardner Jones.
Here our young men may find an example of what a
debate should be,—intellectual, brilliant, adroit, humor-
ous and truthful, but, more than all, manly and courte-
ous.

Respectfully,
T. E. HOWARD,
Prof. English Literature.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPT.

J. D. McCormick, T. Dundon, F. Leffingwell, E.
Graves, H. Dehner, J. White, T. Hansard, J.
Rourke, J. Ireland, P. O'Connell.

JUNIOR DEPT.

G. Juiff, F. Arantz, E. Millburn, J. Rumely, J.
McHugh, J. Kilcoin, J. Spillard, L. Hibben, C.
Parson, J. Marks, F. Phelan.
Nov. 17, 1871. D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

November 25—S. McMahon, E. McMahon, T.
Nelson, C. Faxon, H. Faxon, E. Raymond.

Honorable Mentions.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Fourth Year—M. Carr, T. Ireland, M. Keely, J.
Shannahan, M. Mahony, J. McHugh.

Third Year—J. McGlynn, M. Foote.

Second Year—P. White, D. Hogan.

First Year—W. J. Clarke, F. Chamberlain, C.
Dodge, G. Gamache, J. Walsh, L. Hayes, D. Ma-
loney.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year—N. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Second Year—T. Dundon, P. O'Connell.

First Year—F. P. Leffingwell, J. McGahan.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

J. McFarland, E. Sweeney, J. Crummey, J. Carr,
C. Berdel, C. Hutchings, F. McOsker, B. Roberts,
G. Riopelle, J. Stubbs, H. Taylor, J. Wuest, J.
Ward.

First Year—J. Bowen, T. Badeaux, E. Barry, V.
Bacca, H. Dehner, J. Darmody, C. Hodgson, T. B.
Kelly, T. Phillips, C. Parsons, J. Stinson, J. Smarr,
E. Woolman, F. Whitney, J. Zimmer, C. Anderson,
G. Crummey, W. Fletcher, L. Godefroy, E. Olwell,
T. Noonan, W. Kelly, F. Phelon, J. Quill, O. Wa-
terman, J. D. Waters.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—M. Bastarache, H. F. Clarke, J.
Hogan, J. Rourke, F. Arantz, W. Compbell, J.
Kilcoin.

First Year—E. Graves, H. Hunt, J. A. Roberts,
F. Renshaw, G. Worthlin, H. Beckman, W. Beck,
J. Caren, A. Chouteau, F. Devoto, J. Dunne, G.
Gross, T. Garrity, H. Heckert, J. Hoffman, L.
Hibben, E. Howland, E. Hughes, A. Klein, V. Mc-
Kinnon, J. Marks, W. Myers, S. Marks, J. McMa-
hon, M. McCormack, E. Ottenville, R. Redmond,
H. Shephard, J. Wernert.

Second Division—M. Baily, J. Bell, W. Bercan,
J. Comer, F. Carlin, J. Cherlock, B. Drake, J.
Dehner, W. Easton, P. Fisher, T. Hansard C.
Harvey, J. Kenney, J. Karst, P. Logue, W. Moran
E. Asher, J. Birdsell, B. Blackman, C. Bloomhoff,
R. Dooley J. Danz, E. Edwardsi P. Hennessy, E.
Halpin, H. Hoffman, G. Juiff, J. Juiff, C. Karst,
W. Kinzie, J. Kauffman, R. Kelly, W. Kelly, H.
Long, W. Lucas, F. Livingston, E. Milburn, W.
Murphy, L. Munn, W. Morgan, A. Miller, W.
Olhen, T. O'Neil, J. Nevin, W. Quinlan, A. Schmidt
T. Stubbs, A. Schwab, F. Sage, F. Smith.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Reading—First Class—E. DeGroot, A. McIntosh,
E. Raymond, M. Farnbaker, H. Faxon, P. Gall.

Second Class—J. Porter, T. Nelson, A. Morton,
F. Huck.

Third Class—C. Elison, C. Beck, E. Dasher, S.
McMahon, C. Faxon, H. Edgell.

Fourth Class—J. O'Meara, C. Walsh, E. Cleary.

Our Choristers.

We read with pleasure, in a previous number of
the SCHOLASTIC, an interesting article on our
Acolytes, and we thought at once that something
could and should be written about our Choristers,
who, although made a little less than the Angels,
have, however, many claims to their companion-
ship.

Our Acolytes, indeed, may claim the glorious
Archangel Michael for their patron and model,
for St. Michael is the angel of sacrifice, as is also
the Archangel Gabriel, who stands on the right
side of the altar of the incense. But our Choris-
ters may claim for their model the burning Sera-
phim, those great choristers of heaven, who cry
out one to another, without ceasing: "Holy, holy,
holy is the Lord God of Hosts!" All the moral
qualities, therefore, required in the Acolytes are
no less necessary for the Chorister. Nay, some-
thing more is needed. The Acolytes are silent
adorers of the divine Majesty,—Angels, if you will,
wrapt in ecstasy before the holy of Holies; the
Choristers are also true adorers, but like the
Angels of the Apocalypse, they cannot repress
their feelings, and they cry out in a loud voice:
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive
power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength,
and honor, and glory, and benediction." They
are singing angels, and consequently must have
voices to sing.

Now, as with the Acolytes, we might wish to
see a greater number of our students swelling the
ranks of our Choristers. We know personally
some good students, gifted with excellent voices,
and we wonder that they do not join the choir. It
is true that some are prejudiced against the style
of music used in our choir; but they should know
better, and understand that a chant consecrated in
the Church by so many centuries, and used even
now almost exclusively in Catholic countries,
must have qualities which commend it to the
Church. But if they want something more refined,
more pleasing to the ear, and yet truly religious,
they will find it in the music of Palestrina, a music
which is sung before the Pope himself, by the
Apostolic choir.

The objection that this chant is heavy and hard
on the lungs is without foundation. If, at times,
it seems so, it is because the music is not executed
as it ought to be, viz., slowly, with measure, and
softly. Roaring out, or shrieking at the top of
one's voice, is not singing. The simple but beau-
tiful melodies of the ecclesiastical chant are ig-
nored, because they are not appreciatively expressed
by the singers, who do not sufficiently understand
the nature of the pieces they sing.

We must do justice, however, to our Choristers,
and declare here that they have improved much,
and promise to give ere long full satisfaction.
They must practise frequently, and listen to the
lessons of their able director, Prof. Deloume.

We expect to hear soon the beautiful *Alma*
of Palestrina, and a *Tantum Ergo* of his which is
sung every year before the Pope on Corpus Christi,
and we hope that on the 8th of December our choir
will give us the beautiful mass of Canticari in full
—that is, including the *Credo*.

In the next number we intend to write a few
lines on Palestrina and his music. A. G.

St. Gregory's Society.

EDITORS SCHOLASTIC: Owing to the large ad-
dition of new members to our Society, and the
amount of practice necessary to familiarize them
with our kind of chant, we have been, until last
Sunday evening, unable to hold a parliamentary
meeting, all our attention being devoted to the
practice of our song.

On the evening of the 26th the Society met in

the room of the Rev. A. Granger, and proceeded at once to the election of officers, the above-mentioned Rev. gentleman in the chair. The election resulted as follows:

Rev. A. Granger—President.
M. Carr—Vice-President.
J. W. Nash—Recording Secretary.
P. Fitzpatrick—Corresponding Secretary.
J. McGlinn—Treasurer.
A. W. Fillson—Librarian.
O. Waterman—Censor.

The constitution and rules are being remodeled, and will be put to the vote at the next meeting. The St. Gregory Society can look to the past with pride, and, judging from its present state of prosperity, to the future with high hopes.

Cor. Sec.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The eighth regular meeting of the above named Society was called to order on the evening of the 28th of November.

The minutes being read and adopted, the Society proceeded to choose a Treasurer and a Corresponding Secretary, these offices having been vacated by the resignation of the gentlemen previously filling them. The result of the election was: Treasurer, L. Godfrey; Corresponding Secretary, T. A. Ireland.

The discussion of the question of this evening—

Resolved—"That the Pulpit affords a wider field for Eloquence than the Bar,"

could not but be highly interesting to the Society, on account of the tact and ability displayed by the contending parties.

Mr. M. J. Moriarty, the first speaker on the affirmative, introduced the subject, and brought forward good arguments to prove his position.

Mr. Moriarty was followed by Mr. D. Maloney, who, in defence of the negative, offered a few but effective remarks.

T. A. Ireland filled the place of second speaker on the affirmative.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in closing the debate for the negative, occupied the floor for a considerable time, interesting his audience by an admirable train of reasoning, manifesting his experience as a debater.

Mr. P. O'Meara then volunteered in defence of the negative, and, although unprepared, did not fail to keep alive the attention of his hearers by a few weighty remarks worthy of the gentleman.

Mr. Moriarty, by refuting the principal arguments advanced in favor of the negative, closed the debate.

Mr. Carr, in the capacity of critic, then ascended the rostrum, and, by a few remarks, allotted the praise merited by the participants in the exercises of the evening.

The President, having summed up the principal arguments of both sides, declared in favor of the affirmative, when, after the transaction of some miscellaneous business, the meeting adjourned.

T. A. IRELAND, Cor. Sec.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The tenth regular meeting was held on Sunday November 56th. At this meeting the following read compositions remarkable for originality and simplicity of style: Willie Myers, Herbert Hunt, William Quinlan, Edward Roberts, Harry Taylor and Frank Egan. Dennis Hogan and Ben Roberts appeared to advantage in an amusing dialogue. Declamations were next on the programme, of which those of C. Dodge and M. Foote were excellent. M. Mahony's selection did not come up to our expectation. After a few remarks

by the President on the coming exhibition the meeting adjourned.

S. E. DUM.
Cor. Sec.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

EDS. SCHOLASTIC:—Having inadvertently failed to send for insertion in last issue a report of the eighth literary session of our Association I now transmit to you a synopsis of the same, to which is appended a condensed report of our last meeting.

After the transaction of miscellaneous business of a very important character, one of the primary features of which was the election of Professor J. J. Lyons as an honorary member, the house was treated to an elegant production from the pen of Mr. T. O'Mahoney, in the form of a criticism on the faults and merits of those who participated in the exercise of a previous evening. The same gentleman read an essay on "Ambition." He was followed by the other essayists of the evening, namely, Mr. Mitchell, who, gave us in a glowing style "Reminiscences of a pleasant evening;" Mr. Clark who displayed his aptitude for story-telling in "The necessity of being cheerful," and M. Keeley, "The Students Walk," the three former evincing in no slight degree the literary attainments of the writers.

On the evening of the 28th inst., the Association was entertained by the discussion of the question:

"Resolved," That the burning of Chicago was a National benefit."

A very novel question, and treated in a very novel manner. The affirmative was supported by Messrs Hogan and Murphy, while the maintenance of the negative devolved upon Mr. McGahan, his colleague being absent. Yet though Mr. McGahan was alone, he nevertheless carried the question. Not that his opponents did not make a fine display of arguments,—for they did,—but because his were irrefutable.

Messrs Nash and Smarr have shown their wise appreciation of the excellence of the Association by their making application to be enrolled as members, and they were elected at the above meeting.

Thus it is, Mr. Editor, that our Association is pursuing its onward course, and surely approaching that degree of perfection which the laudable cultivation of science, literature and eloquence is so well calculated to secure.

M. KEELEY, Cor. Sec.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART II.

[CONTINUED.]

"Not long after the joyful day of reconciliation, as I was walking home in the bright evening sun, after my day's work had been finished, to recruit my weary limbs in our hut in the company of Eve, I found her sitting at the spring, weak and tired, with you, my first-born in her arms. She wept tears of joy upon you, and then smilingly looking up to me exclaimed:

"Welcome father of the human race! the Lord has assisted me in my trouble, and I have brought forth this son whom I called Cain." I also wept tears of joy and gently took you into my arms. 'Welcome thou, mother of the human race!' I said, 'the Lord be praised! welcome Cain thou first born of woman! the Lord has mercifully looked down upon thy natal hour; all the days of thy life shall be dedicated to His praise. Mayest thou bloom like the young flower in spring time. May thy life be a sweet perfume to the Lord!'

"Oh Lord, graciously look down from heaven

upon thy weak creature and bless his newly budding life! How sweet will it be to me to instruct the tender soul in the wonders of Thy mercy. Early and late I shall accustom the young lips to lisp Thy praise!

"Yes, thou mother of the human race; thus shall races spring around thee—alone stood yon myrtle, but as often as spring returned, young shoots sprouted lovingly around it, and now it has become a fragrant little grove, spread out far and wide. Thus shall our children multiply around us on this hill. We shall behold from this hill their peaceable huts scattered far and wide over the plain. If death do not take us away too soon from their midst, we shall see them gather into their huts like industrious bees, joining their united help, food and comfort and all the sweets of this life.

"Then we shall see from the top of this hill a thousand domestic altars sending up smoke, and the sacrificial smoke will surround our hill with sacred clouds; and when the feast day of reconciliation arrives, when the fire of heaven descends upon the first holy altar, then shall they assemble upon this hill, and we advancing from their midst shall sacrifice while they kneel around us in a large circle."

"Thus Cain, I spoke in joyful ecstasy and kissed with great delight your cheeks. Then your mother received you again into her arms, and I assisted her to rise from the flowers and conducted her to the hut close by. Strength and vivacity soon came to your limbs, and joy and smiles beamed from your eyes. You were already able to skip among the flowers with your tender feet, and your little lips already began to utter words when Eve gave birth to Mehala. Joyfully did you dance around the new born babe and kiss her, and throw newly plucked flowers over her. Then Eve gave birth to you, Abel, and to you, Thirza. Oh how joy overpowered us when we watched your youthful sports and your innocent joys, and your young souls as they were trying their nascent powers which finally grew up fully developed. Then we carefully guarded you and directed your thoughts heavenward and instilled into you thoughts of virtue. For while you were yet children I saw that the one born of sinners needed as much care and attention as the earth cursed by God; only amid watchful care did the faculty for noble inclinations develop itself; and now you have grown up like fruitful trees from young plants. Praised be the Lord who performed so many wonders of his mercy in our regard! Let tender love and pure virtue never depart from your hearts, and the blessing of heaven will always remain within your huts."

Adam was silent; all had quietly listened to the father; the different scenes of the recital had made various impressions upon them; often tears came to their cheeks, often paleness, often joy and smiles. Now they all began to thank their father for the favor. Cain also thanked him, but he, had neither wept nor smiled.

PART III.

The company broke up; and Abel before leaving the grove tenderly embraced his brother once more. They now separated, each pair going, in the beautiful moon light, to their respective hut. On the way Abel said to Thirza: "What joy penetrates my soul! My brother is no longer angry with me but loves me! Oh how the tears which coursed down his cheeks to-day, delighted me! The dew does not refresh the spring so much as these tears refreshed my heart. The raging storm in his soul has ceased, and peace and joy have returned to us. Thou oh, God, who with infinite mercy didst regard the first created, when they alone inhabited this large earth, command this fury to be for ever at rest in his soul.

Thirza replied "Gentle rain does not thus refresh the parched fields; returning spring, after the first

long dreary winter has not thus enraptured them who wandered alone upon this earth, as the tears of our brother's returning love have delighted me. Oh blessed hour! Youth and gladness return again to the countenance of our parents, joy and delight flow through every heart. Oh blessed hour! nature appears more beautiful to me, and thy light oh, silent moon, appears brighter." Thus did she give vent to her joy.

In the mean time Cain accompanied by Mehala also wended his way towards his hut; she looked tenderly up to him, pressed his hand to her lips and said: "Dearest! how solemn and earnest you look. Cannot the peace restored to your heart pour joy into your eyes and smooth the wrinkles of your brow? I know full well that your manly sense has always moderated every joy and cherished it in your heart. But oh! what joy and ecstasy smiled upon every cheek and beamed from every eye, when you, dearest, embraced your brother with tender affection; then, the Eternal from His high throne above blessed you; then, also did the angels hovering around us weep tears of joy." Cain replied: "your excessive joy offends me; yes, it offends me. Does it not seem as if it were saying to me 'Cain has amended his life; before, he had been a wicked, vicious man, a hater of his brother!' I was not so very wicked and . . . ridiculous! Did I hate my brother because I did not always pursue him with my tears, with my embraces? No, I did not hate him, I have never hated him; but his effeminate unmanly demeanor by which he stole from me every affection, that . . . that has offended me! and . . . Mehala! this earnestness does not wrinkle my brow to no purpose. Unwisely has our father always acted, when he related the inglorious history of his fall and its unhappy consequences; why should we know and hear so often repeated that we have lost paradise by his and Eve's fault, if we did not know this we would bear our misery better, and not deplore a loss which we have unconsciously suffered."

Mehala restrained her pitying tears and looked at her husband inquiringly and then broke forth in tender words;

"Oh be not angry, dearest! be not angry, I can not check my tears! be not angry I beseech you. Let not those scattered clouds of discontent again gather in your breast; cheer up your soul, do not always meditate on misery and grief when you should be thinking of infinite mercy and compassion. Do not reproach our dear father and our tender mother, because they recount to you the wonders that God has performed in regard to the fallen, in order to plant in our souls adoring thanks and firm trust in Him who directs all things. Oh do not reproach them whom every tear of discontent, every sensation of misery, which they read in our conduct, fills with unspeakable sadness. Combat this secretly insinuating grief that it return not into your heart to embitter our days!"

She was silent and looked at him with tearful eyes; thereupon a friendly smile mingled with his earnestness.

"I will combat this secretly insinuating discontent; Embrace me dearest; it shall no longer embitter our days."

Long since had Anamelech (thus he is called in hell) watched the conduct of Cain. He was a spirit of the lowest order, but equal to Satan in pride and ambition. Often, in hell, he left his despised companions to betake himself to a lonely spot where rivers of burning sulphur were lazily creeping over the charred region, amid huge, burning rocks which lost their blackened tops in vaults charged with storm clouds. The awful reflection, which the seething flames raging on the opposite side of the mountain threw upon the clouds, produced a dingy twilight on his gloomy path. At the time when all hell in tumultuous uproar celebrated the triumph and praise of its king as he returned

from the new creation, and, from the top of his throne, proudly related how he had deceived the newly created ones, and how he had forced the Lord of heaven to fulminate death and curses against the creation of His own hands, then the black poison of envy swelled in Anamelech's bosom. "Shall he alone enjoy honor and glory, with those who proudly sit around his throne? Shall I wander about alone, unheeded, unnoticed, among the despicable swarms that crowd the dark, gloomy caverns of hell? No! . . . I will invent deeds at which all hell shall stand stupified with astonishment! And then Satan shall, like the lowest in hell, mention my name with reverence!" Thus cogitated Anamelech, and in his burning soul planned devastation throughout creation, and lamentation and misery for men. He succeeded, also, in having his name mentioned in hell with horror. He it was who afterwards induced that infamous king to murder Bethlehem's innocents. Smilingly he looked on, while incarnate fiends raged among the children, as they dashed them to pieces against blood-bespattered walls, or with bloody swords pierced them in the arms of shrieking mothers. Then he hovered with demoniac glee over the lofty pinnacles of the city, listening to the cries of the dying children, and to the sobs of disconsolate mothers, and feasting his eyes upon the dead bodies of the little ones scattered around with gaping wounds, and trodden upon by the blood-stained feet of intruding murderers, and upon the mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters who, with pitying cries were rolling in the innocent blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

St. Peter's.

ITS HISTORY, SIZE, DIMENSIONS AND COST.

The basilica of St. Peter's, Rome, is surpassed by no Cathedral in antiquity and splendor, and equalled by none in magnificence. In the year of 90, St. Anacleto, Bishop of Rome, who was ordained by St. Peter, erected an oratory on the sight of the Apostle's burial after his crucifixion. In 306, Constantine built a basilica on the spot. In 1450, Nicholas V. commenced a building on plans of Bernardino and others. Paul II continued it, and Julius II secured the services of Bramante, whose plan was a Latin cross an immense dome on arches springing from four large pillars. The latter died in 1514, and Leo X appointed Giuliano Sangallo, Giovanni da Verona and Raphael, who strengthened the pillars of the dome; but Sangallo, dying in 1517, and Raphael in 1520, Leo employed Baldassari Peruzzi who changed the plan to a Greek cross. Paul III employed Antonio Sangallo, who returned to Bramante's plan, but Sangallo died very shortly, and the Pope appointed Giulio Romano, who also died. The work was then given to Michael Angelo, then in his seventy-second year. Paul the III died in 1549, but Julius III continued Angelo in his place, giving him full authority to change whatever he wished in the building as it then stood. Michael Angelo returned to the Greek cross, again strengthening the piers for supporting the dome, and formed the plan for it as it now exists. The drum of

THE DOME

was completed before he died, in 1563. Pope Pius V appointed Vignola and Pirro, with orders that they should adhere to Angelo's plans. The dome was not finished until 1590 by Giacomo della Porta. Sixtus V gave 100,000 gold crowns towards its completion. In 1605, Paul V employed Carlo Maderno, who changed the ground plan back to the Latin cross. The nave was finished in 1612, the facade and portico 1614. The Church was dedicated by Pope Urban VIII on November 18, 1626. Under Alexander VII, 1667, Bernini finished the Colon-

nade. The building of St. Peter's from foundation in 1450 until its dedication, occupied one hundred and seventy-five years; and if we include the work done under Pius VI, three and a half centuries past away before it was completed, and during which time forty-three Popes reigned and died. The

DIMENSIONS OF THE CHURCH

are as follows: Length of the exterior, 727 feet; length of transept, 500 feet; height of nave, 150 feet; width of the great nave, 89 feet; of side aisles, 21 feet; the pillars that support the dome are 70 feet in thickness; the cupola is 137 feet in interior diameter, and 193 feet in exterior diameter. A stairway leads to the roof broad and easy enough to allow a loaded horse to ascend.

THE VESIBULE

of St. Peter's is 233 feet long. The height under the arch of the great nave is 151 feet. Upon four enormous pillars runs a great frieze, on which is carved the inscription:

TU ES PETRUS, ET SUPER HANC PETRAM EDIFICABO
ECCLESIAM MEAM; ET TIBI DABO CLAVES
REGNI CÆLORUM.

(Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church; and I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.) The letters of the inscription are about the size of a man. Above the frieze raises a great range of composite pillars, which enclose high windows, and these are surrounded by an attic, from which springs the superb dome. Finally, a

GILT BALL

and a cross crown the lantern, which contains sixteen windows, from which one looks down into the area of the Church as into a great abyss. Its work were successfully directed by thirteen architects, from Bramante to Bernini, and cost a sum which, in 1693, amounted to nearly 252,000,000 francs.

The Cathedrals of Milan, of Mans, of Rheims, the largest that exist, are dwarfed by the side of St. Peter's; and as for Notre Dame at Paris, and the Cathedrals of Bourges and Chartres, they could stand very well in the transept of the great structure at Rome.

A Spider's Engineering.

In 1830, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman boasted to a friend that he could introduce to him an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stevenson, who had just made himself famous by perfecting the railway locomotive. In fulfillment of the boast he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlet-colored spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from a bush where it was growing. When brought into the house it was placed on the mantle-piece, and secured by placing a glass over it.

In a very short time this wonderful little engineer contrived to accomplish the herculean task of raising the sprig of laurustinus, a weight several hundred times larger than itself, to the upper part of the glass, and attaching it there so firmly that after forty years it is still suspended where it was hung by the spider.

In the Bible we read: "The spider layeth hold with her hands and in king's palaces;" but in this prison there was nothing to lay hold of—no peg, nor nail, nor beam on which to fasten its threads. But in a short time the little insect had accomplished its task.

It is believed that this kind of spider always deposits its nests upon trees, and never upon the ground; and this may account for its wonderful effort to raise the branch to the upper part of the glass.

It may still be seen, dead and dry, hanging by one of its threads from the top of its prison house, with its little nest upon a leaf of the laurustinus. —*Journal of Chemistry.*

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy,
November 22, 1871.

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November 26th—Misses G. Kellogg, B. Cable, N. Hogue, M. Leonard, Q. Ritchie, M. McIntyre, N. Sullivan, J. Walsh, M. Mooney, N. Connahan, M. Nash, F. Moore.

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First Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class—Misses L. and N. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, E. Rollins, L. West, J. Coffey, J. Millis, D. Green, H. and A. Woods, R. Spiers, I. Logan, H. Tompkins.

Third Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Nelson, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, I. Taylor, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, J. Walker, M. Wicker, T. Donahue.

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Third Preparatory Class—Misses M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. McCarthy, K. Miller, J. Hupp, M. Luzen, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake.

First French Class—Misses M. Shirland, L. Marshall, G. Hurst, J. Forbes, H. Tinsley, M. Quan.

Second French Class—Misses L. West, M. Letourneau, M. and J. Kearney, K. Haymond.

First German Class—Misses J. Hogue, M. Dillon, E. Rollins, K. Miller.

Second German Class—Misses V. Ball, R. Wile, J. Millis, N. Hogue.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

November 22d—Misses A. Sweeney, C. Germain, A. Rose, B. Quan, A. Gollhardt, M. Boath, K. Fullman, M. Carlin, A. Byrne, M. DeLong, Minnie, Addie, and Lizzie Walsh.

HONORABLE MENTION—JR. DEP'T.

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Third Senior Class—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney, C. Davis.

First Preparatory Class—Miss Mary Walker.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses L. Tinsley, A. Byrne.

Junior Preparatory Class—Misses J. Duffield, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, L. Harrison, L. Wood, M. Faxon, M. Reynolds.

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